

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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**Honor to the Tilling Hand.**  
All honor to the tilling hand,  
Or in the field of mine;  
Or by the harnessed fire or steam,  
Or on the heaving brine.  
Whatever loom, or barque, or plow,  
Hath wrought to bless our land;  
Or given around—above—below,  
We owe the tilling hand.  
Then honor—honor to the tilling hand!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Ellen Gray; OR, THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

BY JOSEPH BOUGHTON.

Scenes of interest and of beauty are daily being shadowed forth in real life, very many of which fail of being enjoyed, or even noted, by the careless or superficial observer. A sickly and morbid sentiment pervades a great number of minds, whose appetites for the unreal are so strong as to destroy all relish for the common and every day incidents which fill up the measure of human life—and yet that mind must be a wretched one indeed on which simple pleasures pall, and whose antidotes against ennui are made to consist of some wild and unnatural excitement, some high wrought fiction, or some monstrosity, occurring in the world, to break the monotony of the wheels of time. Let such an individual cut loose at once the fetters which enslave the mind—let him go out into the world, and saunter amid the sequestered vales of private life, and watch and not the various incidents of joy and happiness which spring from homely occupations and simple pleasures, and he will then learn what it is to live and to enjoy.

My friend NED HANSON, was a young gentleman independent circumstances. He had graduated at college and was both talented and well informed. Upon his return to his native village, he took up the study of the law—a profession in which it was predicted he could not fail of becoming eminent. During his minority, however, he had acquired notions and tastes which were constantly rendering him miserable. Much of his reading had been of that stamp of fiction that spoke of heroes and nobles, of puissant statesmen, learned sages and wreathed crowned poets—of high-born ladies, lovely dames, angelic faces, fairy forms, and such other attributes as novelists are wont to ascribe to their characters. These, and the like, had become the attendants of his sleeping and waking dreams, and while they excited him to emulation and admiration, the impossibility that seemed to exist in his case of ever reaching such excellence, frequently filled him with despair. Could he ever hope to wear the statesman's gown, or the poet's wreath, or the hero's garland? Ah, where could he expect even to find the female purity and excellence which had so long been the subjects of his day-dreams and night lucubrations? These and kindred thoughts would fill him, at one hour, with enthusiastic aspirations, and at the next would plunge him into deep melancholy.

Ned was my constant companion in society, and it afforded me not a little amusement to watch his efforts at discovering among a numerous female acquaintance the divinity his mind had so long worshipped. It was sometime before he made that discovery, but at length it was made, in the form, face, and person, of Miss ANGELICA LOUISA M—. Upon our return from an evening party, it was that Ned communicated to me his raptures at having at last found a maiden suited to his fancy. Long and eloquent were the strains in which he sounded her praises, and perceiving at the end of his rhapsody, an incredulous smile upon my countenance, it only made him the more earnest and energetic, and he added,

"Remember what I say to you, Tom; she's all soul, all feeling, all beauty!"

"I'll remember," replied I.

"Ah, Tom," he exclaimed, "it is really so. Indeed, I fear such excellence is never destined to become mine."

"Shall I remember that, too?" I asked.

Ned turned upon his heel with a backward look, that would seem to say, "You're a heartless, trifling fellow, Tom, and I won't talk with you any more about it."

A few days afterward I saw him again, and found him more extravagant than ever in praise of his damsel. Matters had already proceeded somewhat smoothly, too, it appeared. Ned had taken tea three at

her father's house, and the mother had already begun to exercise quite hospitable and almost paternal feelings toward him.

"Have you popped the question yet, Ned?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "but I intend doing it the next time I call to see her—but, Tom, what animal is going up the street?" he asked, casting a look out of the window. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it's Fred Peters the New York soaplock dandy, who was kicked out of Yale last year for rowdiness. Bah! his long hair reminds me of the bison at the menagerie. Lord what a swell he cuts with his cane and quizzing glass!—Where the deuce is he going? Heavens! if he hasn't gone to Angelica's house! What can the creature want there? He'll frighten her to death—he will—that's a fact!"

The winding up of Ned's exclamation at the unwelcome sight he had just seen, set me into a roar of laughter, at which my friend was sorely nettled. He rose up in great indignation and this time audibly pronouncing me a heartless grinning rascal, he left the room. Notwithstanding the little of Ned which I have alluded to, he was a fellow of rare sense and judgment upon most other points. He was neither a dandy in his dress, nor pedantic or affected in his conversation, but honestly held such things in sovereign contempt. After the lapse of a few days, Ned again made his appearance. This time he had the blues horribly—he looked and acted, like a person ready to divide himself and go to buffets. Without seeming to notice his melancholy and lackadaisical aspect, I immediately rallied him about his suit.

"How goes your affair with Angelica?" I asked.

"Don't say a word about it, Tom," he replied.

"Why, you're not rejected, are you, Tom?"

"No—duced clear of putting myself in the way of being rejected. But, I'd tell you all about it, Tom, if you didn't laugh so infernally at every thing."

"Go on, my dear fellow," said I, assuming a look of serious concern, at the same time, not daring to open my lips, lest a regular haw-haw would escape them.

"Well, then," continued Ned, "you see I called upon her the night that Fred Peters came to town, & who did I find there but that puppy himself, conversing with Angelica, in his affected lisp, and exhibiting his usual foppishness and swagger; and, would you believe it! Don't laugh, Tom! So far from being frightened to death, as I predicted, or even annoyed, she seemed quite flattered with his attentions. I called again the next evening. She was alone, and, as usual, all animation and smiles. Now, though I, she's herself again, and now is the time to approach the delicate topic. So I talked all kinds of sentiment to her—bestowed pathetic remarks upon society, refinement, love, domestic happiness, and all that sort of thing—when, in the midst of my most eloquent and touching expiations she interrupted me with—

"Have you seen Mr. Petersto-day? isn't he a delightful gentleman? So handsome, so agreeable! I do wish, Edward, that you would pattern after him, in the tone of your voice, and the cut of your hair—"

"There? you're at it again—blast you, Tom!" exclaimed Ned, as the pent-up laugh of mine no longer restrained, burst forth, loud and hearty, in interruption of his story.

"And so, like a sensible fellow," said I, "you cut stick and run, saying with Shakespeare, 'all my fond love I blow to the d—l.' That's not it literally—but if not the poetry, it's the truth, eh, Ned? But come, come—let's into the woods for a ramble! Bring on your gun—and possibly, we'll scare up both game and sport—what say you?"

"I'll go, Tom," replied Ned, "any thing to drive away those awful blues."

Our hunting accoutrements were all soon in readiness, and together we set out for the day's sport, steering for the forest which we entered about three miles from the village. And a rare day we had of it, it being the season when small game of every sort was abundant. Crack, crack, crack, went our merry pieces, and at every shot, either the squirrel fell from his bough, or the woodcock and partridge came fluttering to the ground. So great was the slaughter we had made, and so intense the excitement of the sport, that it was not until we found the game bags full and the sun fast going down, that we ceased our carnage and bethought ourselves of returning. Emerging then from the woods into a road that ran by the side of a sparkling and transparent brook, through a most beautiful valley, the richly cultivated farms, and the neat though humble dwellings of the farmers, burst upon our view. Onward we walked, passing a little school house out of which a number of merry children came bounding on their way

homeward. As we passed or met any of them, Ned, who had never before witnessed the like, was both pleased and astonished to see the lads doff their straw hats and make their bows, and the little girls to drop their graceful courtesies.

"I say, Tom," he exclaimed, "isn't this strange? The bows and courtesies of these pretty children would put to the blush any drawing-room performance I ever saw.—How easy, natural and pretty they are! Who can the teacher of these young ideas be, Tom?"

"If I mistake not," I answered, "it is yonder graceful looking girl, who has just turned up that lane ahead of us."

"What! That lass with the sun bonnet—? At the teacher? Egad! I'd give a trifle to see her face."

"You would be gratified, Ned," I replied.

"Hallo, Farmer Gray, how do you do?" hallooed I, addressing a person in an adjoining field, with a low crowned hat and tow frock on.

"Ah, how d'ye do, how d'ye do?" exclaimed Gray, as he dropped his hoe and came hurrying up to us. "What's the news from town? Have you been hunting? Ah, I see, bags full. I am glad to see you, won't you stop and stay the night? You look tired; your young friend there particularly."

With the utmost pleasure we at once accepted the hospitable invitation of Gray, who immediately led the way to his house. It was constructed of hewn logs, beautifully situated upon a little eminence, in the midst of verdure, and gracefully overhung with festoons of the wood-bine and the wild grape. Ushering us into a square-room, Gray introduced us to his wife and daughter—in the person of the latter we was not slow in discovering the little school mistress. The carnation was a little heightened upon the white round cheek of the beautiful and bashful Ellen Gray, as she gave her hand to us on our introduction. This done she skipped away with the lightness of a fawn to assist her mother in the preparations of our supper.

We had handed over our game bags to Gray, telling him to make free with the contents. Within an hour's time, the large white linen spread was put upon the table and soon after, a whole troop of partridges and woodcock, some swimming in gravy, some reeking from the gridiron, and others differently dressed came smoking hot upon their respective dishes. Following these, came green corn, early potatoes, cucumbers, bouncing radishes, and divers other specimens of the vegetable creation; then came the fresh, golden, aromatic butter and cheese; then the warm muffins, accompanied by hot coffee, home-brewed ale, and blackberries and cream. Seated around this bountiful provision, were Farmer Gray his wife, Ellen, her two young brothers, Ned and myself. With appetites sharpened by our day's toil did Ned and myself do extensive justice to those savory viands. Never do I remember to have enjoyed a meal with greater relish, or to have possessed a greater flow of spirits when it was over. As for Ned, he had become a changed man. He seemed at last, to have found the true poetry of the rich feast before him, and more particularly in the soft blue of Ellen's eyes.

The meal being over, the short evening passed away in pleasant and animated conversation. Farmer Gray was a man of sterling good sense, and the conversation embraced political and financial as well as agricultural topics, both Ned and myself were surprised as well as instructed by the sound knowledge, good judgment, and correctness of sentiment with which his talk abounded. He possessed, also a most cheerful temper, which told upon his smooth unwrinkled forehead and ruddy face (although he was probably sixty years of age) and in the total absence of gray hairs. His sense of the ludicrous, too, was particularly keen, and frequently manifested itself in repeated bursts of hearty laughter, when any mirthful subject was on the tapis.

While I was thus engaged with farmer Gray, Ned, it appeared, had found "metal more attractive," and was "coming the agreeable" quite extensively with the pretty Ellen. He examined her little library as she stood by his side, and I could see him frequently cast an approving look upon her as he turned over the title pages to the volumes, a compliment which she repaid by the sweetest smiles and blushes. Ned also perpetrated some original stanzas in her Album, and stood convicted of many other little attentions and gallantries, too numerous, as advertisers says, "to mention in the handbill."

But the most interesting and holy moment of that evening, was when just before retiring to rest, the excellent family of Gray were assembled for their evening devotions. The rich and clear tones with which Ellen read a chapter from the Sacred Book, and the sylph-like grace with which she knelt, bending her beautiful

head, whose auburn tresses floated around her neck of snow, all formed a real living picture whose beauty can never be effaced from my recollection. How it affected Ned, one may judge when I assure him that the tears were actually standing in his eyes, when the family rose from their knees.

We rose the next morning with the sun and found that the entire household had been stirring since the dawn. A comfortable breakfast awaited us in the parlor, after parting of which, with a thousand thanks to the family for their excellent hospitality, we took our leave. I must not forget, however, to mention that Ned previous to breakfasting had taken a short morning walk with Ellen and her young brothers, and had bestowed upon the latter divers little presents. As he took Ellen's hand, I could perceive that he left her with symptoms of actual regret, that there was unusual tenderness in his tone as he uttered his good-bye.

Ned had but a single subject of conversation on our way homewards.

"Why Tom," said he, "isn't it really astonishing? That sweet girl possesses more soul and true refinement than our whole village can boast. She's well educated, too. I found by conversing with her, that she was proficient, and really so in the higher branches of education. Her library is a beautiful little sanctum. There I found four neat little astronomical and geographical globes, and all the standard books of our schools. There were histories, and biographies, and travels and the only works of a lighter nature that I saw, were those of Irving and Goldsmith, a few volumes of Walter Scott, and of the standard poetry. She is passionately devoted to her little school, and I know these pretty scholars of hers must be devoted to her. What a fine old man is her father, and what tidy lady-like woman is her mother. But Ellen—egad! isn't she beautiful? Do you know Tom, that our falling in with this happy family—their kind hospitality, the bluff and frank intelligence of Gray, the suavity of the matron, the merry-heartedness of those little boys, the prettiness and good sense of Ellen, and the piety of them all, has made me a better and happier man."

And thus he went rattling on, sounding their praises until he reached home.

Ned had now in truth become a metamorphosed person. He was the most cheerful dog alive whenever I met him afterward. A year had elapsed since our hunting adventure, when one day he entered my room, bringing with him a billet of invitation to his wedding.

"So Ned," I remarked, "then it is true you are going to marry the petty school mistress?"

"Yes, Tom—and, hang you, don't you laugh—I've thrown my law books to the dogs, and purchased me a farm."

"Where—?"

"Yes," continued Ned, "good bye to the law—to the hopes of becoming the statesman, the orator, and the judge. Good bye to all these fantastic dreams of my young ambition! I've changed my mind on those subjects, Tom, and am content with the prospect of a quiet happy home 'in the green fields away.'"

"God bless you, Ned!" I exclaimed grasping his hand, without feeling the least inclined to exhibit the laugh which he so much dreaded—your choice both of a wife and of an occupation, meets with my entire approval."

A few days afterwards, I saw my friend lead the blushing Ellen Gray to the marriage altar, amid the smiles and congratulations of a happy group of acquaintances and friends. And I took my leave of Ned and his bride, convinced that they were mutually happy in each other, and that they deserved to be so.

Two years had elapsed, when as I was one day hurrying through the street to my place of business, I was startled by the salutation of a man, in corduroy pantaloons, fustian coat, and hob-nail shoes, perched on a load of hay, who exclaimed—

"Tom! how are you?"

It were quite needless to say, that I knew the voice, and immediately recognized in the hale figure before me, my old friend, the veritable Ned Hanson.

"Ah, Ned! is it you! How do you do?" said I, heartily shaking his sunburnt hand, as he leaped to the ground.

"Still well and happy, Tom," replied Ned. "I've a beautiful farm, and the finest horses in the country. I work at home but then I live like a prince. What will you give for this load of hay? Such cattle and pigs as I raise would make your eyes water. Better still I'm the father of two as plump little boys as you ever clapped eyes on. Come up and see us, won't you? Ellen sends you her respects. Do you want a few cords of hickory wood? Egad Tom, they've made me justice of the peace in our town, and I'm talked of for the Assembly. I won't run though. Catch me away from the farm and the horses."

and the pigs, and the boys, and Ellen—I'll risk it! Who is that, Tom? Hang me, if it isn't my quondam sweetheart, Angelica! Still single, eh? Would have married Fred Peters, if he hadn't committed forgery and sloped for Texas—so I have understood."

"For shame Ned," I exclaimed, "to speak so lightly of a girl whom you particularly requested me to remember as 'all soul, all feeling, all beauty.'"

"Shut up, Tom! I never said so."

"Ah, Ned—such excellence was never destined to become yours," I added laughing.

"There's that infernal laugh of yours again, as natural as ever," said Ned looking particularly foolish.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared I again dodging a blow playfully aimed at me by Ned, with his black leather whip-stock.

**DESPERATE BRAVERY.—Trappers' fight with a Sioux war party.**—Three trappers, Vale, Cass, and Young, says the Jackson County (Iowa) Democrat, while looking for Beaver in the vicinity of Morcou river, discovered a large trail, rightly supposing that they were in the vicinity of a strong band of Indians. They selected a suitable spot, and built of logs and poles a small hut to which they gave the name of a fort. Before it was finished the Indians made their appearance. They showed that they were determined to have their scalps. Vale and his companions prepared for desperate resistance. At the first fire of the Indians, Young was shot through the head. Vale and Cass retired the fire and three Indians fell, at which they raised the war whoop. The unequal contest lasted several hours, Cass loading the guns while Vale with unerring aim, thinned their ranks. Cass imprudently exposed his face and received a ball in the eye.—Vale was now left alone to contend against the Indians. He made the best of it, loaded and fired in such rapid succession that the Indians were on the point of retiring, when he fell mortally wounded. The Indians lament his death; they buried him without scalping him, and honored him with the name of Eagle Brave. Twenty-eight Indians were killed in the action.—Vale's relatives reside in Milwaukee.

### Amsterdam.

Like a toad the city sits squat upon the marshes; and her people push out the waters, and pile up the earth against them and sit quietly down to smoke.—Ships come home from India and ride at anchor before their doors, coming from the sea through the path ways they have opened in the sand and unloading their goods on quays that quiver on the bogs. Amsterdam is not the most pleasant place in the world when a June sun is shining hot upon the dead waters of its canals, and their green surface is only disturbed by the sluggish barges, or slops of the tidy house-maids. I went through the streets of the merchant princess of Amsterdam. A broad canal sweeps through the centre, full of every kind of craft, and the dairy women land their milk from their barges on the quay in front of the very proudest doors. The houses and half the canals are shaded with deep leaved lindens, and the carriages rattle under them with tall houses on one side and the waters on the other. No where are girls faces prettier than they are in Holland; complexions pearly white; with just enough of red to give them a healthier bloom, and their hands are as fair, soft and tapering, as their eyes are full of mirth witchery and fire.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

### Occupation for Children.

The habits of children prove that occupation is necessary with most of them.—They love to be busy even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed physical necessity, and if not turned to good account will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage that "idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be encouraged, or if independently inclined into performing for themselves every little office relative to their toilet, while they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services as possible, fitting them alike to make good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.

A green fellow lately went into a pork dealer's shop, which he mistook for another establishment, and inquired—"Do you cure cholera here?" "No," was the reply, "we cure hams."

### A Female Swimming Match.

The dead-alive remnant of fashion which yet remains in Paris was aroused to as much interest as could be compatible with the state of the thermometer by a singular wager which had been concocted by two of our most fashionable *hommes*. This was no other than a swimming match between the renowned Madame C—and the bold Marquise de B—, who undertook to accomplish the distance between the Pont Neuf and the Pont Notre Dame in a given time, being allowed the use of the left hand only, the other to be occupied in holding a green parasol, to screen the visage of the fair swimmer from the rays of the sun, which darted down upon the waters like a furnace.

At the summons the fair Nauts plunged most resolutely over either side of the boat and were soon beheld gliding along as rapidly as the stream. The ladies were both attired in loose wide trousers of fine cashmere, white striped with blue, the waist bound with a scarlet belt, a shirt of the finest cambric, with short sleeves. The Marquise de B—is of dark moorish complexion, and her jet black tresses were confined by a net of scarlet silk, adorned with braid and tassels while the golden locks of her companion were secured upon a roller, and shortened around her neck a *la gamin de Paris*. Neither of the fair champions waxed faint or weary for a single moment, but conducted themselves most bravely—the winner being the dark marquis, who won the victory but by an arm's length. After the match, the company interested therein, and which consisted of all the nobilities of fashion and literature yet spared, adjourned to a magnificent entertainment given at the ladies' swimming bath at the Hotel Lambert, where dancing and *lansquenet* were kept up till a late hour.—*Paris Paper.*

### All Sorts of facts.

The oak tree lives in the state of nature 1,500 years. Hour glasses were invented at Alexandria 150 years before Christ.—The sum \$15,000,000 is expended each year in London for intoxicating drinks.—Vaccination was first tried upon a condemned criminal, in the year 1721. The interest of the national debt of Great Britain is over twenty-four million pound sterling. Looking glasses were first made at Venice, in the year 1300. Iron was first discovered by the burning of Mount Ida, 1405 before Christ. Muslims were first manufactured in England, during the year 970. Air 816 times lighter than its bulk in water. Military uniforms were first adopted in France by King Louis XIV.—The plague in Europe, Asia and Africa, commencing in the year 558, lasted fifty years. Linen was first discovered and made in England, in the year 1253. The average coinage of the mint of Great Britain for the last thirty years, is eighteen million pounds sterling per annum. Microscopes were first invented and used in Germany, 1621. The cost of cigars smoked every day in New York city is ten thousand dollars. The first literary magazine in America was published by Franklin, in 1741.

### Proud and Poor.

The family of Mrs. Brown, a good widow, and six daughters, had the misfortune to be poor and proud. Above the gross vulgarity of manual labor, though not above its necessity, they lived in "stuck up" idleness and dependent mainly on the hard earnings of the mother for support. Finally Maria, who was the youngest and rather pretty, managed to win the heart and hand of the village physician, and got married. The alliance being considered as a decided "step up in the world" by all the family, the single sisters grew lazier and prouder than ever, while the doctor's wife took a new and improved set of airs to match her advancement in the scale of "good society." Being comfortably bestowed in her new house, she began to feel the need of somebody to mind the pots and kettles, and seeing a neighbor, (a thrifty mechanic who used to be "boss" to her father in the shop) going past the door, she called out to him in an affected manner, to know where she could find a servant—expecting to get an offer of one of his daughters. "Well, I don't know," said the carpenter, "help is a little hard to get just now, but there are the widow Brown's girls who I should think you might get, as they are dreadful poor, and seem to be always out of work." Some neighbors who overheard the colloquy, say that madame retreated into the house with a precipitancy that was quite alarming to behold, and never spoke of the carpenter afterwards, but as a vulgar fellow, who knew nothing of the proper distinctions of society.

"Wake up here, and pay for your lodgings," said the deacon, as he nudged the sleepy stranger with the contribution box.